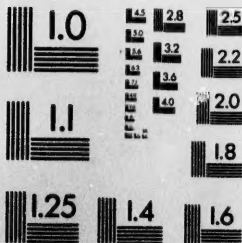


MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 286 - 9899 - Fax

T H E N E W - Y E A R V E R S E S

Of the PRINTERS LAD, who carries about the *QUEBEC*
GAZETTE to the CUSTOMERS.

J A N U A R Y 1, 1767.



THE old Year now is past and gone,
The new, its Place supplies:
Thus a new Monarch mounts the
Throne,
Soon as the old one dies.

TIME, on its early, infant Stage,
With rapid Speed begun;
Nor does it now, tho' worn with Age,
With slower Motion run.

It comes unask'd to ev'ry one,
Yet none its Flight can stay;
But swift as Thought, 'tis past and gone,
And steals itself away.

It steals our Hours and Days and Years,
And Youth, and gay Desire,
The Charms that blooming Beauty wears,
The Flames those Charms inspire.

Towers, and Cities great and fair,
With Strength and Beauty crown'd,
And Temples rising high in Air,
It moulders to the Ground:

The Sculptor's and the Painter's Art,
That seeming Life can give,
And Form, and Colour can impart,
That seems to think, and live.

The noblest Works of Human Powers
It filches in its Way,
Their most admired Parts devours,
And makes their Charms its Prey.

Ev'n Life with all its flatt'ring Views,
It shortens as it flies,
And with incessant Strokes pursues
The Victim till it dies.

Nations, who once their Power could boast,
Whose Armies spread the Plain,
By TIME are in Oblivion lost,
And scarce their Names remain.

Thus TIME on earthly Glory preys,
And Ruin spreads around,
And to Forgetfulness conveys
Things that were once renown'd:

Yet there are happy Men whose Name,
Whose Glory ne'er shall die,
But wafted on the Wings of Fame
To TIME's last Stage shall fly.

To bless the Realm those Men arose,
Sagacious, wise and just,
The Dread and Curse of Freedom's Foes,
Whose Pride is laid in Dust.

Their Praise some Poet shall rehearse,
Warm'd with celestial Fire:
Whose deathless animated Verses
Shall wake the living Lyre.

All these, of endless Praise secure,
TIME's Ravages may see,
Their Names for ever shall endure,
Till it shall cease to be.

Not so the News Boy's humble Lot,
His Services once o'er,
Are disregarded, and forgot,
And seldom thought of more.

Permit HIM then, his Labours past,
To sing in humble Lay,
E'er Time has from Remembrance cast,
And stole their Prints away.

Assisted by no friendly Muse,
To grace his humble Strain,
The tuneful Nine wou'd all refuse
The Service with Disdain.

His own dull Head and labouring Brain,
His Verses must indite,
And his tir'd Hand the Toil sustain,
His Labours past to write.

Each Week he trotted thro' the Street,
In Spite of Heat and Cold,
Tho' Storms tempestuous on him beat,
Or Thunder o'er him roll'd.

Nor Winds, nor Rains, his Course could stay,
Till all his Task was done,
Intrepid he pursu'd his Way,
And on his Circuit run.

When all the Land in Silence sleeps;
(By Taper's glimm'ring Light)
All Night a painful Watch he keeps,
And tires his aking Sight.

With prying Eyes, and list'ning Ears;
Despising Sloth and Ease,
He culls the best he sees and hears,
With studious Care to please.

Whate'er remarkable he found,
Important, strange, or rare,
He to his Patrons carried round,
Nor did his Labour spare.

But more Particulars to tell,
Would turn your News Boy's Brain,
And to such Length his Verses swell,
They'd ne'er be read again.

He now, with kind Acceptance, prays,
His Verses may be crown'd,
And many happy New-Year's Days,
Delight his Fiends around.

And that not one of them may know,
A Want to make him sad,
Or generous Present to bestow,
To make the News Boy glad.

